

Exhibit 3

August 25, 2009

The Honorable John W. Sedwick
Chief United District Judge
222 West Seventh Avenue #4
Anchorage, AK 95513

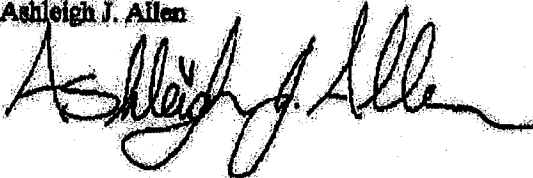
As I search for the most appropriate words to accurately convey the character of any man, I must first think about the many different qualities that determine a man's worth, integrity, intelligence, tenacity, one's approach as well as over sights made in every persons life.

My grandfather "Bill Allen" has not only succeeded in building an oil empire, he developed a controversial reputation which seemed to clash with his humble and caring demeanor with his family. As his granddaughter, all I could see was his sheer determination to succeed in braking the poverty cycle for his children and grandchildren, and his loving dedication not only as a family man but a powerful entrepreneur. I vividly remember the importance of "report card time" and his genuine interest in each and every grandchild's education. To this very day grandpa still maintains his scholastic expectations from his grandchildren.

As an adult, I now understand why the simple family camping trips meant so much to him as well as why he practiced and preached that blood is always thicker than water. Grandpa has always been the glue that holds this family together. As the binding force in the family it is hard to watch the changes this trial has undoubtedly inflicted on him and thus affected our family.

It seems to be, that the backhanded plotting, greedy and unethical oil contractor portrayed in the media and news paper, is entirely different from the well respected republican featured as well as one of the most influential men in Alaska every year for ten years straight. However, that highly revered man who was at times intimidating, will always be my giving, strong, loving grandpa, a hard working, American family man who gave his blood, sweat and tears to develop America's 49th state! He is the personification of "The American Dream". I just pray America's judicial system doesn't persecute a real American dream.

Ashleigh J. Allen



Joe W. Allen
4929 Spur Ridge Court
Keller, Texas 76244

The Honorable John W. Sedwick
Chief United District Judge
222 West Seventh Avenue, #4
Anchorage, AK 95513

RE: Bill Allen

My name is Joe W. Allen, and I'm one of the brothers of Bill Allen. I'm now retired, due to having Multiple Sclerosis, but for many years I worked in the oilfield for VECO. I was an electronics specialist, with an accounting background also - the accounting background was due to Bill Allen having sent me to college.

Every since I can remember, Bill was the main support of our family. He had to quit school at only 16 years of age to support our mother and six siblings. When I was very young the only way he could do this was to pick fruit and hops with our mother. We lived in fruit picker's shacks with no running water or electricity. Bill and mom would pick until they were exhausted to make enough money to feed us all, as he wasn't yet old enough to hold a regular job. He and Mom were the sole reason we even made it through these years.

Bill's whole purpose in life, and working so hard to make VECO a growing success, was so he could still take care of his family, as he'd done since before age 16. And he has held to that purpose every since.

When I was 11, and Bill 16, Bill moved us to Aztec, NM, and went to work in the oilfield to support the family. Our sister Addie went to work at the phone company. By pooling their money, they were able to buy a small 2-bedroom house. His entire paycheck went to mom every payday. I remember that it was the very first time I ever felt secure. I finally had enough to eat; clothes to wear that were clean and not ragged, and was able to go to school. Bill wanted all of us to have the opportunity to get the educations that he could never get. In fact, Bill offered to pay for college for everyone in each succeeding generation to ensure that opportunity.

Later on, Bill put our brother, Roger, and I to work in the oilfield. Roger still directs drilling, and is in great demand. He is considered one of the best in his field. Thanks to Bill, we were able to build careers that would support us and our families. While I was working on the North Slope of Alaska, Bill brought me home and sent me to college. He not only paid for the cost of college, he paid my salary while I was going out of his own pocket.

When our daughter was dying of cancer, Bill spent a week with her. Our daughter told Bill that her dad was too ill to be working on the Slope and about the stroke and MS. When Bill found that out, he insisted that I leave the Slope and work from home. As a remote employee, my salary continued so my family wouldn't suffer more that they already were. Our daughter was able to let go knowing that her father would be okay.

Bill took care of our mother from the time he was 16 until her death. He bought her a home, and paid the expenses for her to live, making sure that one of the family was with her at all times. When she became bedridden and had totally lost her memory, he paid for all of her care. When the time came that she passed on, he alone paid the expense of her funeral.

He didn't stop there. He paid for the care of our sisters, Pauline and Allene, and our brother, Troy, when they were terminally ill, and paid for their funerals. He also paid for the funeral of Mel Lambert, our sister Pauline's husband when he passed away. With each sad event, he made sure that the entire family could get to the funerals and had hotels to stay in, so that we could be there for each of us to say our final good-byes and be there for each other.

Bill has always been there with his support and love or when some member of the family needed financial aid. There isn't one member of our family that hasn't had him help out with whatever support was needed -- financial or otherwise.

Although Bill did as he confessed, he has suffered collateral consequences in the premature and unplanned sale of his own business at a substantially reduced price -- the business that he spent 40 years building and sustaining -- the stress he has endured through testimony in numerous trials, and in anticipation of the large fine that he will be ordered to pay and the resulting decline of his health. Bill's health is not good. He is a diabetic, and his age needs to be considered. Our greatest fear is that he may not live through a prison sentence. Surely he has been through enough already to merit mercy from this court. He's already paid dearly for what he has done. We are begging you for that mercy.

Sincerely,



Joe W. Allen, Sr.

August 25, 2009

The Honorable John W. Sedwick
Chief United District Judge
222 West Seventh Avenue #4
Anchorage, AK 95513

Your honor, thank you for giving me this opportunity to express the love I have for my father, my best friend and my hero. My dad is the hardest working man I have ever known. Dad wore several hats in his life and when my sisters and I were growing up even during hard times he always made sure we had clothes on our back and food on the table. My dad's success did not come by easy. He worked day and night to make sure his family had what they needed.

Dad's success made it possible to help his grandchildren and great grandchildren. Not to mention his own brothers and sisters. Dad was an asset to the community of Anchorage and the state of Alaska. He helped many charities and sponsorships with a warm heart.

My father has always believed in my dreams of racing, breeding and training horses. Somehow I feel he knew I had a special eye and passion for horses. Dad made it possible for my dream to come true this past May when my horse won the Kentucky Derby. My only regret is that dad could not be by my side to accept the trophy. He was with me in my heart as I gave thanks to god and my father for believing in me.

You honor this man I call my hero is truly a wonderful human being. I pray that you will find it in your heart to see the real person that others in our political world have given a black eye to. Dad is not in the best of health and I would like for him to live his final days with me at my ranch.

In closing, thank you for your time and may god bless you.

Sincerely,


Mark J. Allen

Misty Allen
1020 Wabash St. #1-102
Fort Collins, CO 80526
September 2, 2009

The Honorable John W. Sedwick
Chief United District Judge
222 West Seventh Avenue, #4
Anchorage, AK 95513

Your Honor:

My name is Misty L. Allen and I am writing this letter on behalf of my grandfather, Bill J. Allen. Currently, I am enrolled at Colorado State University as a Business Marketing and Finance major and plan to graduate in December 2009. Acquiring the degree will be the completion of one of the goals my Grandfather and I set early on in my academic career. He has been an integral part of my life and has helped to shape the person I have become; this includes always taking an active part in my education.

I am aware of the charges to which my Grandfather has plead guilty, however this does not change the role he has had in my life nor the love I have for him.

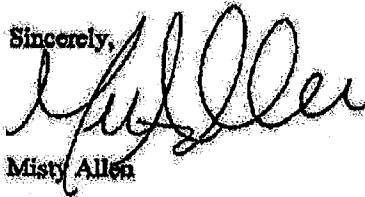
When I was small, I would cry every time he left after a visit, as we had a very special connection from the beginning. In fact, some of my earliest memories are of my Grandfather and me, going for a walk, having bubble blowing contests or the inevitable discussion of what I wanted to be when I grew up. He was always encouraging throughout my academic career and would tell anyone who would listen of his granddaughter with the 4.0.

After my parents divorced in 1996, when I was eight, my Grandpa became an even more important part of my life. He freed my Mother of the all debt my Father had left us in and moved us to Grand Junction, Colorado. Since that time the distance between my Father and I grew and a few years ago I decided to legally take my Grandfather's last name. It is important to me that my college degree says Misty Allen, because without his financial support and the way he has been the father-figure of my life, it wouldn't be possible.

I realize that my Grandfather must make retribution for the unlawful acts that he has committed. Yet it is painful for me to see the man who has been the rock of my family go through everything that has happened in the last two years. From the stress and toll on his health, the sale of VECO, which he stated was like losing a child, to the numerous trials. I can only hope this letter may help shed light on the man my Grandfather really is and how much he means to me.

Thank you for your time.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Misty Allen", written over the printed name.

Misty Allen

The Honorable John W. Sedwick
Chief United District Judge
222 West District Judge
Anchorage, AK, 95513

Roger M. Allen
283 Shady Grove
Bulverde, TX 78163

Your Honor,

I am Roger Allen, the youngest brother of Bill J. Allen. I am writing you this letter of behalf of my brother Bill. If you have the time, I would like to tell you of some of the things Bill Allen has done for me as well as some of my siblings and other members of my family.

I have known Bill for 64 years, he is the 5th child born to Roger and Lola Allen, (my mother and father). Since I was the last child born to this couple, I don't know as much about him as my other sibling know.

My first recollection of Bill, and his kindness, was when I was about 6 years old. As I recall he was in his 2nd year of high school, I think this was about 1952. Our father disappeared during this time leaving the burden of rearing a family on the shoulders of him and one of my sisters. Bill quit high school and along with my sister accepted the challenge of providing support for the entire family of 4 young children, including me, and our mother.

Listed below are just a few of the things he did for me:

1. Funded my total financial support including, clothing, food, lodging and school needs, so we did not look like a lot of rag-a-wuffins looking for a hand out, thus being more accepted by our school-mates.
2. He gave me self-worth; he was as much of a mentor for me as anyone ever was. He never asked anything from me and only requested from me, my friendship and brotherly love, which he gave willingly in return.
3. In my formative years, while in high school, during the summer months, he always found me a summer job working with or around him in the oilfield construction trades. Once again he never asked anything in return for letting me stay in his home and providing me with food and other essentials of life.
4. In later years after my enlistment in the military, he offered summer jobs, working for him, as I attended college.
5. He supported my mother until she passed away. This also helped me raise my own family since I did not have to contribute as much support for my mother. Since Bill and one of my sisters took charge of all of my mother's needs, financially and physically, my resources could be directed toward my own family.
6. I worked for Bill during a period in my life that required me raise a child by myself. He afforded me this opportunity because he deeply cared for the welfare of both me and my child. Raising a girl child by myself in an oilfield environment would have been very difficult if he not been so supportive of my child and myself in this time of need.

In closing, I will say, that without the influence and support of my brother, Bill J. Allen, I don't think I would have ever been able to live the life that I have been blessed with. At every turn in my life, he has been an anchor and a person that helped guide and support my life. He is also the father figure in my life, I know of no other person, in my life, other than my wife and my child that has had a greater influence or enhancement to me.

Respectfully,


Roger M. Allen, Jr.

September 15, 2009

The Honorable John W. Sedwick
Chief United District Judge
222 West Seventh Avenue, #4
Anchorage, AK 95513

I am writing you on behalf of my dad, Bill Allen. Throughout my life, he has shown himself to be an extraordinary father and an exceptional man. His true legacy is his unfailing commitment to provide for his family, workers and so many in need.

My earliest childhood memories are of the long, hard, dangerous hours he worked in welding and construction to take care of my mom, me, my brother, my sister and even my dad's brothers and sisters.

As I grew up, married and became a mother, my dad did not always agree with my decisions, but he never failed to support me. For example, although my dad was not a fan of my former husband, my dad still paid for his law school tuition so that my then husband could better provide for my kids and me. After my divorce, dad stepped up and became the father figure for my 4 kids, which included buying them their first cars and encouraging their education by paying for college. By his transfer of Veco stock to me 25 years ago, I am able to ensure a good future for my kids, grandkids and many generations still to come.

My father's generosity is not just reserved for his children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. For example, he has continued to financially support my mother (and his former mother-in-law and brothers-in-law), long after any legal obligations of their divorce decades ago. And he will help virtual strangers simply because he thinks it is the right thing to do—like when my dad overheard my friend Carla (a single, working mother) worrying over her broken air conditioning, he arranged to have it replaced with a brand new system.

When I had to suddenly step in as Chairman of the Veco Board, it was my dad who gave me the strength and encouragement to steer the company to safe waters, through a sale that ensured our family of Veco employees would still have their jobs. It was my dad who insisted that \$15,000,000 of the sale proceeds be paid to the Veco employees.

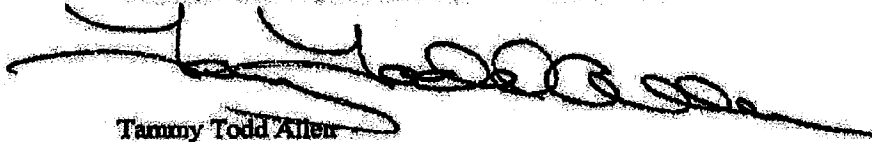
My dad's support has not been and is not only financial. Whenever one of us is sick, he is sure to be at our side, as he was when I was critically ill with a bleeding ulcer and as he continues to be for my sister, throughout her recent treatment for breast cancer. His emotional support is so important to her recovery.

Every time a new grandchild or great-grandchild is born, my dad welcomes them by holding them tight and then makes sure to count all fingers and toes. And even with the demands of all the years of hard work, he found time to share with me his love of dogs and classic cars.

As a dad, granddad and great-granddad, he has been and is our rock, our center. In fact, my kids and I felt so strongly about my dad's role in all of our lives, that we legally changed our last name to Allen.

I know my dad, like all of us, has made mistakes and my dad is the first to own up to his errors – and in this case, he has, from the beginning taken full responsibility for his actions. The consequences he has already faced and the price he has paid are devastating. In taking responsibility and cooperating, all while bearing the constant stress of testifying, my dad has become a pariah in the very state that once named him Alaskan of the year (in recognition of the years of efforts he made on behalf of the state). Most of his life-long friends no longer acknowledge him. My dad now faces the prospect of spending his last few years isolated, suffering from the increasing effects of the head injury he sustained and his severe hearing loss. It would mean so much to his family if he could spend those years finishing the legacy he began nearly sixty years ago when, as a boy, he left school to work and support his family.

Thank you, so very much, for your consideration.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Tammy Todd Allen', with a long, sweeping horizontal line extending to the right.

Tammy Todd Allen

Oct 8, 09
1

Dear Your Honor,

Here are some things I'd like to tell you about my Grandpa and me. When I was about 8, we went to Alaska to visit Grandpa and I was scared to go to the little Seward. We had to take a little plane with me, Grandpa, Mom, and Mimi. Grandpa was telling me to look down for bears, because he was trying to get my mind off of being scared. When we landed, the plane went back to get everyone else. Grandpa and Mom and I were going on a path to see where we would go fishing. We saw moose tracks, and I saw a HUGE bear paw print. Grandpa let me go with him back to the cabin to get the walkie talkie, and he helped me drive the four wheeler, and he helped me fish, and we had a GREAT time. In the cabin we'd play board game.

2

I'd like to tell you some other things about my grandpa. He puts family before everything. He makes the best of everything. He's never selfish. Sometimes he plays pranks on my uncle with me, and he's lots of fun!! When he was here last, he told my mom he bet his Malibu could beat her Mercedes. He ~~loves~~ his Malibu!! We're always together for Thanksgiving or Christmas.

The words I think of when I think about Grandpa are GIVING, CARING, GENEROUS, HEROIC, FUNNY, LOVING, HUMAN TEDDY BEAR KIND OF GUY, SWEET, CUDDLY, and WARM.

He's always worked hard for what he got. He's done soooo much for all

Our Family, and if theres someone who can't afford something they Really need, he'll help. He bought my moms friend carla and her kids a new air conditioner for their house when it was hot. He warms EVERYBODYS heart. He always tells you even when you feel ugly that you're beautiful? If he's mad at you, he just talks to you about it and explains and doesn't yell. He always believes you can achieve anything.

My whole family makes me feel good, but no one makes me feel like Grandpa does. He can help people change without even trying. When my Grandpa talks to them, then people say they're different.

4

He's caring, giving and nice, and I'm
not exaggerating. I don't see how
anyone could not LOVE him, he's
sooooo sweet to everyone. I just
LOVE him so very much, I can't really
explain.

Thank you for reading this,

Myra Baldwin

Age: 11 Grade: 6th

The Honorable John W. Sedwick
Chief United District Judge
222 West Seventh Ave, #4
Anchorage, Alaska 99513

My name is Cheryl Carpenter Black and I am a niece of Bill Allen...my mother Addie Chancellor is his sister. I am now 59 years old and my memories of my Uncle Bill go back as far as I can remember. I was born and my parents were divorced leaving my mother to live with her parents. I was brought straight from the hospital into my grandparents home, my uncles and aunts became my family thus including Bill Allen who was only 13. I remember growing up poorly but at the time that was all I ever knew. Bill treated everyone the same. He was always working from hoeing in the fields to picking fruit. I don't remember him going to school, he had quit school in order to work to help support his brothers and sisters. He and my mom, Addie, finally got a steady job...he was working in the oilfield and my mom was working at the Telephone company. I was small but my memories were very vivid about him working in the oilfield...at one point he had burns on his neck from an oilfield fire....I don't remember the fire as such but I remember his neck was burned but he just went on with life like it was "nothing"...he had to make a living. He got married when I was about 6....All I can remember is he and Doris at my grandma's house the night they got married and then from that point on they lived in different parts of the Western United States while he worked on the rigs. The years went by and we would see him when he got time off or we would go see him. They always lived in a trailer house so they could pack up and go to the next "hot-spot" in the oilfield. In the early 60's he had become a welder...he did this on his own due to hard work and long hours...then he did the most amazing thing and that was he became a "certified welder"....In the 60's that was really an accomplishment for a kid who never completed school...all he ever knew was HARD work. He did this on his own. He could lay out a blueprint in his head. We were all amazed at Bill and how nothing seemed to get in his way. He didn't let anything get in his way....not anything.

In 1968 he and Doris and the family came by our house on their way to Alaska which didn't seem too outlandish given his working past....where the work was that was where my Uncle Bill was. In 1982, I was divorced and just starting over. I went to work for Bill in Prudhoe Bay, Alaska....there was only one relative working for him at the time so I considered this "a chance in a lifetime" and off I went to Prudhoe Bay. I remember he said to me "sherrl, don't let me down now" I was 32. I was so proud of my job and my Uncle Bill. I remember thinking about Bill and how this tall, skinny boy back in the early 50's achieved "all this" the answer was because here was a man who came from "nothing" and he worked his way up in the oilfield and with HARD work. He had no education but his mind was brilliant...one of his foremen at Prudhoe Bay, Marvin King, told me his version of Bill Allen...."to get it done all you had to say to Bill Allen was it couldn't be done" and he would FIND a way. Marvin was Bill's boss when Bill first went to Alaska. He told me about weeks that Bill would spend on the offshore platform and how hard Bill worked. I especially remember the story about another fire, nobody would or could go down in the hole but after so long and saying "it couldn't be done" Bill went down in the hole....to this day he has scars on his back. He was very modest about that and to this day it was like no big deal. Everybody at VECO knew the Bill Allen story and EVERYONE RESPECTED and admired the man they worked for...he never hid the fact that he had to quit school to pick fruit and he had no education. Bill is extremely big on education and that is why. While I worked for VECO I took courses at the college and Bill paid for it...out of the goodness of his heart.

In 1987 I again worked for Bill at Endicott Island. I worked up there from July until January. Bill had the biggest of the big working for him...he had the best. I can honestly say the best years of my life were the years working for him. I was so proud to say "I work for Veco" Then in February I went to work in the Anchorage office. I started out working at the switchboard. I can remember I worked every other Saturday...the office was open with just a Skelton crew but every Saturday about 8:30 in the morning Bill would always show up. He would pick up the paper out in the front and he would come into the office. That just amazed me. I asked him one time why do you do that...own a big firm like Veco and come in on a Saturday? He would just smile with his grin and

say "oh well..this is my company, I have to know what is going on" and he would walk up the stairs and fix him a pot of coffee and go into his office. Again that is an example of a man who went that extra mile all of his life. About 6 months later I worked in the Accounting Office and again EVERYBODY respected and admired him. I worked for Bill during the Valdez Oilspill. I worked in Accounting during the day and I worked the switchboard from about 5:00 to 10:00. Bill and his "crew" worked nonstop, around the clock without hardly any sleep and they would eat all their meals in the office, again he did the "unthinkable" and organized the clean-up for an oilspill. I know that it was devastating for him to sell VECO, a company he had spend 40 years building and sustaining. He never gave up on his company and the people of Alaska. He worked so very hard to provide jobs for the people, even when he could retire he just wouldn't do it, he kept going until, in my opinion, he couldn't go anymore. He was forced to sell his company and plead guilty to what are, in my opinion, unfair charges. This has changed his whole life. I know the company is worth much much more, I know because I worked up in Prudhoe and in Anchorage and saw what his company had done. I have read and heard his testimony via the internet and it breaks my heart to listen to him go through the ordeal he has. The stress he has gone through and his health has declined since this has all started.

Bill Allen was always involved in Charity...while I worked there I remember he was always big on the United Way and he would have buses loaded with people to go to the parade downtown Anchorage. It was for the children and Bill Allen & VECO was ALWAYS contributing. It was a big deal.

My Uncle Bill loves his country. I can honestly say he taught me the value of voting. I never voted before 1982 and because of what he taught me I have voted in every election since then. He would tell me "Sherri you don't vote? That is your right as a citizen, make your vote count" and in every election he would make sure his employees that voted could take time off to do so. I also worked in phone banks calling people up and encouraging them to vote and offering rides to those who needed them....it made no difference if they were Republican or Democratic....they just needed to vote.

I live in Bakersfield Ca and in 2003 I suffered a massive stroke. I layed in the hospital here in Bakersfield and they basically did nothing for me. The doctor told my husband he didn't know what to do for me, my Uncle Bill called UCLA and they transported me by helicopter. I can honestly say if it wasn't for my Uncle Bill and him stepping up to the plate I wouldn't be writing this today. I was in Intensive Care for a week and then I remained in the hospital for another week...I had surgery on my carotid artery and I survived. My Uncle Bill has always been there for our entire family. He had 2 sisters and 1 brother that has passed away within the past 6 years. Bill was there for them and made sure they received the BEST possible care. He went to see them all the time and mourned their passing. He spent considerable time with each of them and did what he could for their comfort. He always took care of his mother, my grandmother...he bought her a house and a car and made sure that she didn't go without anything. He did this before VECO was ever thought of....that's just the type of guy he is.

Thank You Judge Sedwick for reading my letter.
Cheryl L. Carpenter Black